

THE DEAD LOVE.

By MARY C. AXES.

Like the good love many boast,
In her grave I laid it down;
It is dead, so let it rest.
Symbol of Faith's embalming crown.

Once it gave life richer than
Milk, than honey, than beans.
Yet I lay it down,
Small I shall you why it died?

Would 'twere better to pretend
Dead, "as sacred as it seemed;"
But 'tis time—the idol friend
Was more noble than I dreamt.

Love, like death, is transient,
Love in living, dying in death.
Cannot bids a treacherous friend—
Die his master's death.

So we walk some saddened more;
And in silence put aside
One for whom we once were born.
Our love, though dead, still have died.

In some morrow further on.

We shall meet, and I will say,

"Then my better lesson learned,

Nothing art to me to-day."

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